

NO.  
34

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# PEP



The **SHIELD**

# COMICS

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**Joe Higgins**  
**Room 315**  
**60 Hudson St.**  
**New York City**

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
 IN THREE COLORS  
 RED—WHITE—BLUE

CUT ON THIS LINE

### BULLETIN NO. 13

I'M going to be a kind of transmitter this month. Generally I use this space to talk things over with you members of the Shield G-Man Club, but I stopped up to the office a while ago and got into a discussion with several of the fellows up here and they asked me to forward a couple of thank-yous for them and . . . and, well, here I am doing it.

The first thank-you message comes from Carl Hubbell, the young artist who transcribes all those letters you sent for the Sergeant Boyle contest to the Sarge himself, and both Boyle and Carl are delighted at the swell letter response you gave them. As you'll see when you get to the Sergeant Boyle story further in the book, all contest winners have been announced right in this issue.

The second thank-you message comes from The Hangman . . . and he wants to thank John S. Anderson, Larry Heaney, James Figueira, Oliver Anderson, and Don McRae, all of 1340 Blake Street, Berkeley, Calif. for the swell letter these boys whipped up and sent him. I read the letter and thought it was pretty fine, too. The boys told The Hangman about their hate for brute-strength Nazi methods of government . . . and in their short letter they've managed to reflect the opinions of all Americans. We all feel that way about Adolf and Co., fellows. Let's keep doing all we can toward the purchase of war bonds and stamps—and make sure that it won't be long before the man with the moustache is healing his last heel. Now to say a thing or two on my own hook. Have you fellows and girls seen the latest TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS? It's a magazine which is getting sweller and sweller and funnier and funnier with each issue, and you're really missing something if you don't give it a try. Look it over, and then enter the TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS "opinions" contest. You've a chance to win a portrait of yourself drawn by one of the crack TOP-NOTCH artists.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding members this issue:

**RICHARD MacGRAY**  
 257 Chestnut Street  
 Needham, Mass.

**WILLIAM BEACH**  
 Route 2  
 Danville, Ohio

**BERNARD BROOK**  
 3447 West 19th Avenue  
 Denver, Colorado

**MARVIN D. SCHWIFF**  
 18 Cedar Lawn Sq.  
 Galveston, Texas

**RUTH MARTINEAU**  
 Maronie Hospital  
 Covina, Calif.

**WAYNE ALBERT FORD**  
 Box 675

Twin Falls, Idaho  
**ETHEL MOSKOWITZ**  
 729 Euclid Avenue  
 Miami Beach, Florida

**CHARLES SCHUBERT**  
 229 West Des Moines  
 Salina, Kansas

**RICHARD BAXTER**  
 38 Mildred Avenue  
 Mattapn, Texas

**DOLORES REESE**  
 4530 Wayne Avenue  
 Philadelphia, Pa.

*Joe Higgins*



# THE ORIGINAL **SHIELD** AND **DUSTY** THE BOY DETECTIVE



IT WAS FUNNY ABOUT THE RUG ---  
THE WAY IT TURNED UP AT THE  
MURDERS.

NOT THAT THE RUG COULD HAVE  
ANY CONNECTION WITH THE  
CRIMES --- NO, IT COULDN'T. IT  
WASN'T A VALUABLE RUG --- JUST  
A CHEAP, GAUDY BIT OF FABRIC,  
SOLD OVER AN AUCTIONEER'S  
COUNTER.

AND YET IT CONTINUED TO  
TURN UP

**WHY?**

THAT'S WHAT **THE SHIELD** AND  
**DUSTY** AIMED TO FIND OUT-----



EARLY ONE EVENING, DUSTY ENTERS JOE HIGGINS' ROOM...

HYA JOE! I...  
HEY, JOE! JOE!  
WHAT'S WRONG,  
PAL?

DUSTY, I WAS JUST  
THINKING ABOUT MY  
LAST ATTEMPT TO  
RECOVER MY SUPER-  
POWERS... THE ATTEMPT  
THAT DIDN'T WORK! I  
FEEL PRETTY LOW  
ABOUT IT! I GUESS I'LL  
NEVER GET MY SUPER-  
POWERS BACK!

AW, IS  
THAT ALL?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
WORRIED ABOUT SOME-  
THING **IMPORTANT!**  
YOU'VE DONE ALL  
RIGHT SO FAR WITH-  
OUT YOUR SUPER-  
POWERS---AND YOU'LL  
GO ON DOING ALL  
RIGHT. C'MON, LET'S  
GO OUT AND SEE IF  
WE CAN FIND SOME-  
THING TO HELP YOU  
FORGET ABOUT  
YOUR TROUBLES!

AND MINUTES LATER, AS  
THEY WALK ALONG THE  
STREET---

HEY, JOE, LOOK-  
AN AUCTION!  
LET'S GO IN!

OKAY, DUSTY!  
MAYBE THEY'VE  
GOT SOMETHING WE  
CAN USE!

---AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLE-  
MEN, I'LL ACCEPT BIDS ON THIS  
BEAUTIFUL OLD RUG! NOTE  
ITS FINE TEXTURE AND  
ITS UNUSUAL DESIGN.  
WHAT AM I OF-  
FERED?

I BID  
ONE BUCK,  
PAL!

I'LL MAKE THAT  
TWO DOLLARS!

HEH! HEH! HERE'S  
WHERE I HAVE  
SOME FUN!

**I'LL BID TWENTY  
FIVE DOLLARS!**



STUPID FOOL! I'LL MAKE  
THAT FIFTY DOLLARS!



I BID 750  
DOLLARS!

-- GOING --- GOING --- GONE! SOLD  
TO THE MAN WITH THE CIGAR  
FOR \$750!

HOLY SOCKS! I DIDN'T  
EVEN EXPECT TO  
GET \$20 FOR  
THIS RUG!

HEH, HEH!  
WELL, I SPENT MORE  
THAN I FIGURED ON, BUT  
IT WAS WORTH IT TO  
SEE THE EX-  
PRESSION ON  
THAT MAN'S  
FACE!

GEE, DUSTY--- THERE  
WAS SOMETHING  
FUNNY ABOUT  
THAT BIDDING!

YEAH---  
DID YOU SEE THE EX-  
PRESSION ON THE FACE  
OF THE GUY WHO *DIDN'T*  
GET THE RUG? SKRR!  
HE LOOKED READY TO  
MURDER THE  
FAT FELLOW!

MATTA  
SIDD

SUDDENLY---

DUSTY!  
LISTEN!

SOMEONE'S  
YELLING!

HELP  
HELP

QUICKLY,  
JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY  
STRIP OFF THEIR OUTER CLOTHING  
AND EMERGE AS *THE  
SHIELD AND DUSTY*---

WHY--IT'S THE FAT  
FELLOW! AND HE LOOKS  
PRETTY OUTNUMBERED!







HAVEN'T YOU GUYS EVER LEARNED ANYTHING ABOUT FAIRNESS?

NO? WELL, HERE'S A GOOD STIFF LESSON FOR YOU!

SLAM

WHAM

YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER?

YEAH---G-GLESS I AM! YOU CAME JUST IN TWE!

OKAY, STUDENTS, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY!



WHAT WERE THOSE FELLOWS AFTER?

G-GEE, I SURE DON'T KNOW, UNLESS... UNLESS THEY WERE AFTER THE RUG I JUST BOUGHT!



RUG? WHAT WOULD GUYS LIKE THAT WANT WITH A RUG?



NO, I GUESS THEY WERE AFTER YOUR MONEY, THAT'S ALL ---- HELLO, SERGEANT? THIS IS THE SHIELD! WILL YOU SEND THE WAGON OVER TO PITKIN AND AMBOY? I'VE GOT SOME VISITORS FOR YOU!



SAY, WHAT DID YOU WANT THE RUG FOR, ANYHOW?

MY BROTHER COLLECTS 'EM... AND I WAS HAVING A LOT OF FUN OVER-BIDDING THAT GUY!... WELL THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO! SO LONG, SHIELD, AND THANKS FOR RESCUING ME!

THEN NEXT DAY...

JOE! JOE! LOOK AT THIS!

# DAI

## CHARLES BARTON NOTED MANUFACTURER FOUND DEAD

CHARLES BARTON

CHARLES BARTON, NOTED MANUFACTURER, RESIDING AT 111 64<sup>TH</sup> ST., WAS FOUND



SURE IS A FUNNY COINCIDENCE. HUH, SHIELD?

I'M NOT SO SURE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE! WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!

STEP IT UP, DUSTY! THIS IS THE 1900 BLOCK!

WE'RE THE SHIELD AND DUSTY, MRS. BARTON. WE'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT... ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH!

JUST ON A HUNCH, MRS. BARTON, WHERE'S THAT RUG YOUR HUSBAND BOUGHT YESTERDAY?

WHY... WHY HE SENT IT TO HIS BROTHER BILL AT 222 POWELL STREET. BILL LIVES IN APARTMENT 14



HEY, T-TAKE IT  
EASY, SHIELD!  
I CAN'T FLY,  
YOU KNOW!

POWELL STREET'S  
ONLY A FEW  
BLOCKS AWAY.

THERE'S THE  
BUILDING  
NOW!

LET'S GET UP-  
STAIRS QUICK!  
I GOT A--- FUNNY  
FEELING---

HOLY  
MACKEREL!

WM BARTON  
ARCH/REC

LOOKS LIKE  
SOMEBODY BEAT  
US OVER HERE!

SUDDENLY---

THE  
DOORBELL!

CITY DELIVERY!  
PACKAGE FOR  
WILLIAM BARTON!

I'LL TAKE  
IT!

WELL, FOR THE  
LOVE OF---  
IT'S THE  
RUG!

JUMPIN'  
JEEPS!



HEY, WAIT---A---MINUTE! DUSTY! THE MURDERED GUY WAS AN ARCHITECT! SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE SOME TRACING PAPER AROUND THE PLACE!

I'LL LOOK AROUND, SHIELD!

YOU GOT IT! GOOD! HAND IT HERE!

LET'S SEE NOW! IF I'M RIGHT----

I AM RIGHT, DUSTY, THERE'S A MAP WOVEN INTO THE DESIGN OF THIS RUG!

SUDDENLY---

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, SHIELD! THERE IS A MAP ON THE RUG!---- MIKE! JOE! GET THE RUG AND THE TRACING HE JUST MADE!

THERE'S OUR CUE, DUSTY!

LET'S TAKE 'EM!

RIGHT!









LATER, AT SLOGG'S HIDEOUT ---

I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU GUYS! TELL ME--- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS?

A MILLION DOLLARS!

LET'S HEAR YOUR PROPOSITION!

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED!



IT ALL STARTED A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, WHEN I WAS OUT IN SINGAPORE. A COCKNEY SEAMAN TOLD ME A STRANGE STORY-- A STORY ABOUT A RUG --

W'I TELL YOU, GUVINOR-- THIS RUG IN MY CABIN ABOARD THE *MARIA* HAS A MAP ON IT SHOWING HOW TO GET TO A LOST AZTEC CITY! THERE'S MILLIONS IN GOLD THERE, I TELL YOU-- MAYBE BILLIONS!

G'WAN! I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!

I PRETENDED TO SCOFF, BUT WHEN WE GOT OUTSIDE---

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, PAL!





THAT NIGHT, I SNEAKED ON  
BOARD THE *MARIA*---

THEN, WHEN THE SHIP WAS  
WELL OUT TO SEA, I SET  
FIRE TO THE CARGO ----

THE ENTIRE CREW RAN TO PUT  
OUT THE FIRE, AND WHILE THEY  
WERE KEPT BUSY, I GOT THE  
RUG----



THEN, WITH THE RUG UNDER MY ARM,  
I STOLE A LIFEBOAT AND STARTED  
AWAY. THE FIRE ON THE SHIP CON-  
TINUED TO BURN---

BUT WHAT I  
DIDN'T KNOW  
WAS THAT THE  
*MARIA* WAS  
SHIPPING DYNA-  
MITE. BEFORE  
THE LIFEBOAT  
HAD EVEN BE-  
GUN TO SAIL  
AWAY---



THE NEXT THING I KNEW  
A MAN WAS BENDING  
OVER ME----

EASY, SON, EASY! YOU  
WERE THE ONLY  
SURVIVOR OF THE  
*MARIA*! WE FOUND  
YOU IN THE WATER  
WITH YOUR RUG  
CLUTCHED UNDER  
YOUR ARM!



MY RUG!  
WHERE IS IT?  
WHERE IS  
IT?

WHY, I GAVE IT  
TO SOME NAT-  
IVE IN THE  
MALAYS! IT WAS  
JUST A CHEAP  
WATER SOAKED  
CARPET! I--- I  
DIDN'T THINK--



I FOLLOWED THE RUG FROM  
CITY TO CITY--- HUNTING DAY  
AND NIGHT IN BAZAARS IN  
EVERY CORNER OF THE  
WORLD. BUT THE RUG  
WAS ALWAYS AHEAD OF ME--



UNTIL FINALLY, AT AN  
AUCTION HOUSE RIGHT  
IN THE CITY---

DONALD STYL  
AUCTIONS

HOLY MIKE!  
THERE IT IS--  
RIGHT IN  
THE WINDOW!







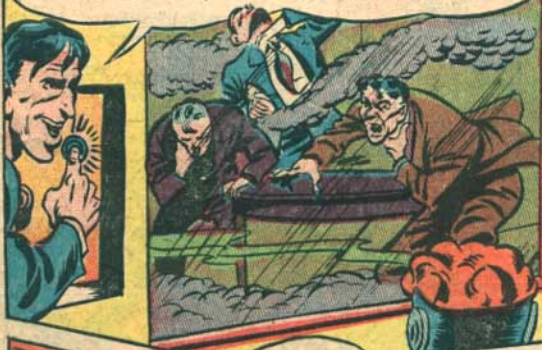
AND THEN THAT FAT FOOL  
OVERBID ME---AND I HAD  
TO LET HIM WIN THE  
BID BECAUSE I  
THOUGHT HE  
KNEW SOMETHING---  
BUT I GOT THE  
RUG NOW! HEH,  
HEH, HEH! I GOT  
IT NOW!

EXCUSE  
ME FOR A MINUTE!  
I'VE GOT A LITTLE  
JOB TO FINISH!

OH, SO  
YOU'RE *NOT*  
WITH ME.  
EH? THEN  
I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF  
YOU  
TOO!

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO HELPED ME GET THE  
RUG! I CAN'T USE *THEM* ANY MORE--- BUT I  
CAN USE A COUPLE OF GUYS LIKE YOU ON  
MY EXPEDITION! ARE YOU WITH ME?

WITH YOU!  
THE DEVIL  
WE ARE, YOU  
MURDERING  
RAT!



YOU GO  
FIRST,  
BRAT!



DUSTY!



NOW WATCH  
YOUR PAL  
DIE, SHIELD!



YOU OUTSMARTED  
YOURSELF, WISEGUY!  
THAT LONG STORY  
YOU TOLD GAVE  
ME PLENTY OF  
TIME TO LOOSEN  
THESE ROPES!



H---HURRY, SHIELD!  
HURRY! THIS---  
GAS IS--- GET-  
TING ME!



THE SHIELD'S  
LOOSE! I'D BETTER  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!

SUDDENLY...





HE'S GETTING AWAY!  
AFTER HIM, DUSTY!

SLOW UP! THIS  
IS AS FAR AS  
YOU GO!

NO, SHIELD!  
I'M NOT GO-  
ING TO LET  
ANYTHING STOP  
ME NOW!

BUT AS SLOGG RUNS  
FORWARD, HE TRIPS --- ON HIS  
OWN RUG ---

BUT I THINK  
I'LL STOP JUST  
LONG ENOUGH  
TO FINISH  
YOU!

AND FALLS ---  
ON HIS OWN  
KNIFE ---

WITH A GREAT  
EFFORT  
SLOGG LIFTS  
THE RUG  
AND...

I --- I'M  
DYING! IF I  
CAN'T --- CAN'T  
HAVE THE RUG, NO  
BODY  
CAN!

AAAAAAGH

DUSTY  
RUSHES  
FORWARD  
BUT ---

NO, DUSTY  
LET IT BURN!

BUT, SHIELD!  
WHY?

THAT RUG HAS DONE  
ENOUGH DAMAGE ALREADY!  
MURDER AND  
DEATH HAVE  
FOLLOWED  
IN ITS WAKE  
WHEREVER  
IT TRAVELED!  
LET IT  
BURN!

THE  
SHIELD  
AND DUSTY  
APPEAR IN  
PEP  
COMICS  
AND  
SHIELD-WIZARD  
COMICS!  
FOLLOW THEIR  
UNUSUAL AD-  
VENTURES IN  
BOTH THESE  
MAGAZINES!

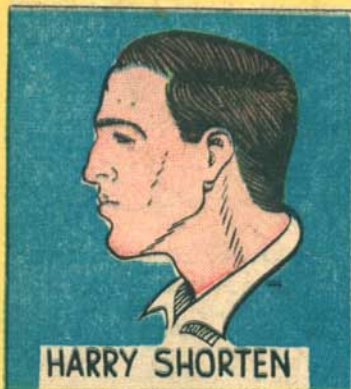
THE END

NOTICE! BECAUSE OF THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS OF APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP YOU'VE SENT IN --- SO MANY THAT WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO TABULATE AND ALPHABETIZE THEM AS YET --- THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S OF AMERICA PAGE WILL NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. HOWEVER, THE PAGE WILL RESUME NEXT ISSUE, LISTING, AS IN THE PAST, THE NAMES OF ALL NEW MEMBERS. IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO, SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG SOLDIER'S OF AMERICA CLUB, RM. 315, 60 HUDSON ST., N.Y.C. JOIN THIS CLUB FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS!



# MEET THE EDITOR

by SCOTT FELDMAN



ONE bright April morning about a million years ago—or anyway, it feels like a million years ago—I meandered over to 60 Hudson Street, to begin work as assistant editorial director for the M.L.J. comic magazines.

I took the elevator up to the third floor, and started to enter the M.L.J. offices at Suite 315. At this point, a man came rolling out and almost knocked me over.

The man was clutching a manuscript in his hand, and he looked as though he had just fallen off a roller-coaster and landed on his head.

Halfway into the long hall which precedes the outer office, I tangled with another man. This fellow had an artist's portfolio under his arm, and he looked like he'd fallen off the same roller-coaster.

I later learned that both these men had just emerged from a story conference with Harry Shorten, my new boss . . . and that they'd had their bad ideas tossed out so quickly and new ideas added so quickly that it sent them away pretty much dazed.

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit. Maybe a story conference with Harry Shorten doesn't produce such mind-whirling effects. But I do know that H.S. has the peculiar

knack of considering a story and getting right to the basic wrongs, if any. You can call him a hard editorial master, and you can call him a slave-driver, but his habit of working with artists and writers through every stage produces the best comic stories published. You know what I mean if you read his magazines.

I e are some personal details:

Harry Shorten's a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Height, 5-11; weight about 190; all muscle. I remember my first impression when meeting him. "Here," I said to myself, "is a guy I'll never attempt to poke in the snoot." I wasn't surprised when I learned later that Short had starred on the New York University football team (been All-Eastern, in fact) and had later played pro football in the American League.

Unlike many people in the writing business, who pounded typewriters while biting their teeth rings, Harry Shorten, up till the time he entered college, had no idea that he was headed for a literary career. But he was on the football team at NYU, and this gave him an idea for a book called, "How to Watch a Football Game." He wrote the book, and the book was published. It had a spectacular sale . . . and this made him think more seriously about writing. He began to write sports stories for the pulp magazines in his spare time.

All this while, he was continuing his college work as a Geology major, and by the time he had graduated with honors, he'd sold so many sports stories that he'd lost count.

Well, he was out of college now, and while he was waiting for something good to develop

in the geology field, he continued to write more sports stories. Then someone asked him to write some stories for the comic magazines. He started on these, and was so successful, that before he knew it he'd been made editorial director up here at M.L.J. Shortly afterwards he was offered an excellent position in Washington as a geologist, and he refused it. . . .

At present, he manages PEP COMICS, ZIP COMICS, TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, HANGMAN COMICS, JACKPOT COMICS, and SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS. Editing two magazines is a man-sized job; Short edits six, and handles his work capably. He accounts for his ability to get all his work done on deadline to Irving Novick, Bob Montana, Paul Reinman, Carl Hubbell, "Red" Holmdale and all the other crack artists who work for him.

Short's a settled married man now, with a beautiful wife named Rose, and a fifteen-month-old daughter named Melinda who is the sweetest, swellest, cutest, loveliest, most wonderful and amazing baby girl on earth. (Honest, this description is strictly my own opinion. The fact that Short is holding a baseball bat near my head as I write has nothing to do with it.)

To sum up, it's a pleasure to work for the guy. Yessir, I—wait a minute!

SCOTT FELDMAN—COME HERE!!!!

Upl! I guess he's found out about that spelling error I missed when I proofread that Shield story. All right, I'm coming. I'm coming. Keep your shirt on.

\$\$\$&\*!!!! There must be an easier way of earning a living!

Coming, boss. . . .



# THE HANGMAN

## SABOTAGE!

WARS AREN'T COMPLETELY WON ON THE BATTLEFIELD. THEY'RE WON WHEN ONE SIDE RUNS OUT OF MATERIAL.

THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS INTEND TO WIN THIS WAR. THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE OUR OIL SUPPLY.

THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE IT BY DESTROYING OUR OIL RIGHT AT ITS SOURCE.

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE *TRYING* TO DO. AS OUR STORY OPENS, THE **HANGMAN** IS ON HIS WAY TO AMERICAN OIL FIELDS IN MEXICO TO MAKE SURE THEY **WON'T!**-----



OUR STORY OPENS AT  
GAUYILO, MOST IMPORTANT  
OIL TOWN IN MEXICO---

IN THE DARKNESS, A CROUCHED  
FIGURE WORKS FURIOUSLY---

A PEON APPROACHES---

VUN MORE MINUTE  
UND DIS PLACE VILL  
GO UP IN SMOKE!

FOR DIOS! A  
LIGHT/ID  
BETTER  
INVESTIGATE!

EET--EETS A  
SABOTEUR!

ABSOLUTELY  
RIGHT, MY  
FRIEND!

WHACK

UND MAYBE I'LL TRY A  
LITTLE SABOTAGE  
ON YOU!

SUDDENLY---

MAYBE YOU  
WON'T  
NAZI!

THE  
HANGMAN!



AT YOUR  
SERVICE!



THELMA GORDON RUNS UP--

HANGMAN!  
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THIS CUTE BOY  
WAS ABOUT TO SET  
THE OIL FIELDS  
AFIRE, THELMA!



THEES EES NOT THE FIRST  
TIME THEENGs LIKE THEES  
HAVE HAPPENED, SENOR--  
BUT WE ALWAYS THOUGHT  
THEM ACCIDENTS!

LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF  
MIGUEL LOPEZ, WARDEN  
OF THE NEARBY PRISON--

AND SO WHEN I READ  
ABOUT ALL THESE 'ACCIDENTS'  
I DECIDED TO CHECK UP ON  
THEM, IF YOU DON'T  
MIND!

I KNOW! I'D  
HEARD ABOUT IT!  
THERE'S NO DOUBT  
THAT AN OR-  
GANIZED  
BAND OF  
SABOTEURS  
IS OPERAT-  
ING HERE--



WE ARE  
DELIGHTED  
TO HAVE YOU,  
SEÑOR  
HANGMAN!



WE'D BETTER VISIT  
THE NAZI AND SEE IF  
WE CAN FORCE SOME  
INFORMATION OUT OF  
HIM!

I'LL TAKE YOU  
THERE, HIS  
CELL IS RIGHT  
DOWN THE HALL!



THE  
DIRTY  
PIG!

YOU'RE IN A SPOT,  
PAL! ARE YOU  
READY TO TALK  
AND SAVE YOUR  
NECK? WHO'S  
THE HEAD OF  
YOUR RING?

TALK? SURELY YOU'RE  
JOKING! I  
HAVEN'T  
ANYTHING  
TO SAY!



OUTSIDE--

--AND HE WAS ABOUT  
TO SET THE OIL  
FIELDS ON FIRE!  
THE WHOLE  
TOWN WOULD  
BURN TO THE  
GROUND!



WHY WAIT TILL A JURY  
HANDS IN A DECISION? WHY  
SHOULDN'T WE TAKE  
JUSTICE INTO OUR OWN  
HANDS?

LET'S  
STRING  
HEM  
UP!







AND IN THE CELL---

THE CROWD OUTSIDE--  
THEY--THEY'RE GOING TO  
STORM THE PRISON AND LYNCH  
THE SABOTEUR!



THEN AN OMINOUS BEAM  
CUTS THROUGH THE DIM-LIT  
CELL, ACROSS THE HORRIFIED  
FACE OF THE NAZI-- THE SIGN  
OF THE GALLOWES...



THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU, NAZI!  
COMING TO HANG YOU. SOON  
YOU'LL BE A CORPSE SWAYING  
IN THE WIND... HANGING  
THERE UNTIL THE  
BUZZARDS LICK YOUR  
BONES CLEAN!



YOUR FUEHRER CAN'T SAVE  
YOU FROM THAT FATE-- BUT I  
CAN-- IF YOU'LL TALK!

Y...YES. I'LL  
TALK. I...I DON'T  
WANT TO DIE  
SO HORRIBLY!



I'D LIKE TO GET  
HIM OUT OF HERE,  
WARDEN-- TO SAVE  
HIM FROM THE  
MOB/ DO YOU  
HAVE ANY OB-  
JECTIONS TO  
DOING IT  
MY WAY?

NO, NO! NONE AT  
ALL! ANYTHING  
YOU SAY!



MY DEPUTY AND  
I WILL HOLD  
THE CROWD  
OFF AS  
LONG AS POSSIBLE!  
GOOD LUCK!

THANKS!  
I'LL NEED  
IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE MOB BURSTS THROUGH  
THE DOOR---

WHERE EES HE, LOPEZ? WHERE EES THE  
DOG? TELL US OR WE KEEL YOU, TOO!



STAND BACK!  
STAND BACK!  
OR THERE'LL  
BE BLOOD-  
SHED!

WE'RE WARNING YOU,  
LOPEZ! WE DON'T  
WANT TO HARM YOU,  
BUT IF YOU DON'T  
STEP ASIDE---



SUDDENLY-

CRASH

WHAT--  
WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK, THE NAZI IS GONE  
AND---AND THE BARS OF  
THE WINDOW ARE TORN  
AWAY!

AND IN THE HANGMAN'S CAR, FROM  
WHICH THE CELL WINDOW STILL HANGS--

THIS IS AS  
FAR AS WE  
GO!

OKAY, NAZI-TALK  
AND TALK STRAIGHT!  
THE MINUTE I THINK  
YOU'RE LYING TO ME,  
YOU GO RIGHT BACK  
TO THAT MOB!

I---I'LL TALK!  
ALL THE THINGS WE DO  
ARE PLANNED BY ONE  
MAN- WHOSE NAME---

WELL! HOW GOOD  
TO SEE YOU AGAIN,  
HANGMAN!

YAAAAAAHH

CAPTAIN  
SWASTIKA!



I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

NOT QUITE, HANGMAN--

IT ISN'T SO EASY TO KILL A MAN OF MY STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE! WITH THE AID OF MY FRIEND ICEPICK HERE, I AM OPERATING MORE SUCCESSFULLY THAN EVER!

MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO PUT A STOP TO THESE OPERATIONS OF YOURS, SWASTIKA!


I THINK NOT! ICEPICK, TAKE CARE OF HIM!




AND IT WOULDN'T BE POLITE TO LEAVE YOU BOYS OUT OF THINGS-- NOW WOULD IT?








SO LONG,  
BOYS!




AFTER HIM! HE CAN'T  
GET AWAY! HE'S HEADED  
RIGHT TOWARD THE EDGE  
OF THE CLIFF!



HOLY CATS!  
I'M  
STUCK!



STUCK IS  
THE RIGHT  
WORD,  
HANGMAN!  
I BEEN WANTING  
TO CARVE YA' UP  
WIT' MY ICE-PICK  
FER A LONG TIME, AND  
NOW....




HE--HE'S JUMPED!



LOOK!...DER HANGMAN'S  
CAPE FLOATING ON DER  
VATER... BUT NO SIGN OF  
DER HANGMAN!!



DER RIVER MUST BE AT LEAST  
A HUNDRED FEET DOWN! HE'S  
DEAD ALL RIGHT!--



COME, YED BETTER  
FINISH OUR YORK ON  
DOSE OIL  
FIELDS!



BUT THE HANG-  
MAN IS NOT  
DEAD---

WHEW! IT WAS A LONG SHOT  
JUMPING FOR THIS VINE-  
BUT IT WORKED! I'M HIDDEN  
FROM THEIR SIGHT BY THIS  
MOUNTAIN BRUSH!

GOOD LORD!  
THE VINES  
BREAKING!

LOOKS  
LIKE I'M  
SUNK!

SUDDENLY A ROPE DROPS  
DOWN---

WHEW!

I WONDER  
WHO MY  
LIFE SAVER  
IS!

THELMA! HOW DID YOU  
FOLLOW ME OUT  
HERE?

WITH THE  
WARDENS CAR,  
HANGMAN--  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

YES, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT  
A MINUTE TO WASTE!  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
TO THE OIL FIELDS--  
AND PRONTO!



AND JUST OUTSIDE THE OIL FIELD---

ALL RIGHT, MEN--  
YOU'VE GOT YOUR  
ORDERS! YOU KNOW  
NOT TO DO!



HERE, ICEPICK--  
DER OTHER MEN  
ALL HAVE GUNS!  
HERE IS VUN  
FOR YOU!

HEH, HEH!  
YOU'RE A GREAT  
KIDDER, CAP!  
YOU KNOW MY  
ICE PICK DOES ALL  
MY WIPING OUT  
JOBS FOR  
ME!



WE'RE ALL SET!  
LET'S GO!



CARAMBA! THOSE  
CARS ARE COMING  
RIGHT TOWARDS  
US!

STOP!  
STOP!



MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS  
RUSH FORWARD, BUT---

FINISH OFF EVERY  
VUN OF DEM!



ALONE SENTRY, UNSEEN,  
MANNING A MACHINE  
GUN ATOP THE WALL, HUSS  
THE SHADOWS, WAITS  
FOR THE NAZIS TO  
EMERGE, AND...





DIE-- YOU  
DIRTY NAZI  
RATS!

VOT---?

AAEEES

AND NOW TO  
GET THEIR LEADER---

THE  
FOOL!  
I'LL UNSCREW  
MY ICEPICK--

ICEPICK TOSSES  
HIS WEAPON---

VAAAAAH

I NEVER MISS, CAP! HE,  
HE, HE! I NEVER  
MISS!

ALL RIGHT, MEN! LIGHT YOUR  
TORCHES UND GO TO WORK!

HA, NA! DIS IS DER  
END OF YUN MORE  
MENACE TO THE  
NAZI CAUSE!

BUT ICE-  
PICK IS NOT  
QUITE SO HAP-  
PY FOR AS  
HE STANDS  
ON THE  
TURRET  
WALL--

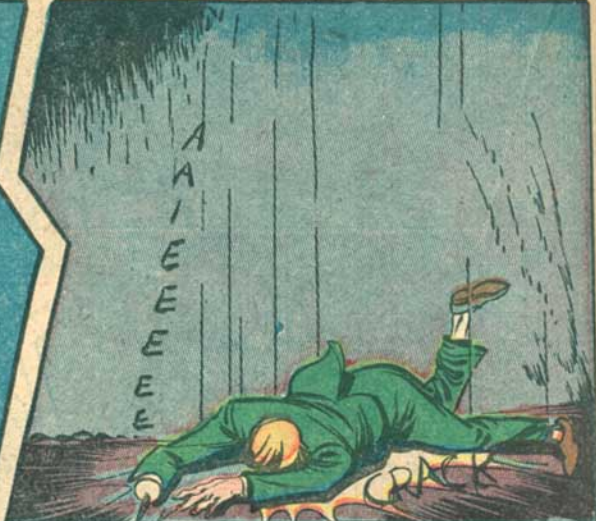




THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY OF SHUTTING YOU UP FOR A WHILE! I'VE PLENTY OF WORK AHEAD OF ME!

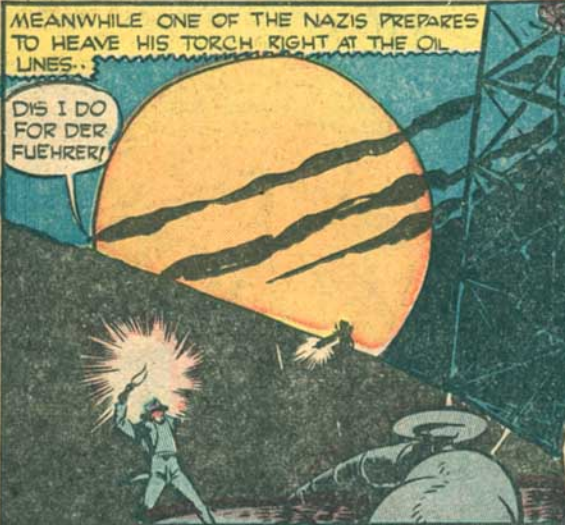


A  
A  
E  
E  
E  
E  
E



MEANWHILE ONE OF THE NAZIS PREPARES TO HEAVE HIS TORCH RIGHT AT THE OIL LINES--

DIS I DO FOR DER FUEHRER!



AND THIS I DO FOR F.D.R.!



NOW, YOU GUYS-- STAND WHERE YOU ARE! THE FIRST ONE TO MOVE GETS A STOMACH FULL OF LEAD!



DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! CHARGE HIM! ARE VE GOING TO LET ONE MAN END OUR PROJECT?



THE NAZIS SWARM FORWARD AND---

SORRY, BOYS-- BUT YOU'RE FORCING ME TO DO THIS!





AND JUST THEN, MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS  
SPEED THROUGH THE GATE---

CARAMBA!...LOOK, PEDRO!  
SEÑOR HANGMAN HAS  
ALREADY SUBDUED  
THE NAZIS!

BUENO, HANGMAN!  
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF  
THESE DOGS  
NOW!

BUT---

SWASTIKA!...  
HE'S MAKING A  
BREAK FOR IT!

QUITE A HABIT OF YOURS,  
RUNNING OUT ON THE  
BOYS WHEN THE GOING  
GETS ROUGH, EH  
SWASTIKA?

I'LL FIX YOU FOR  
RUINING MY  
PLANS!

YOU'LL NEVER  
BOTHER  
ME  
AGAIN!

DON'T COUNT  
ON THAT,  
PAL!

WHAM



MEANWHILE ICEPICK HAS REVIVED AND---

THERE'S THAT XRO?!! HANGMAN AGAIN. I'LL CHOP HIM DOWN THIS TIME-- BUT GOOD!

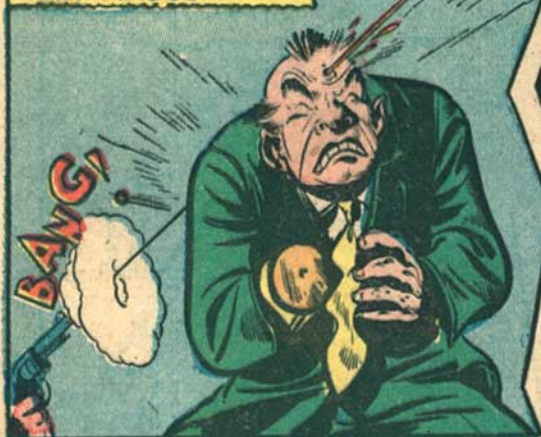


BUT AS HE TOSSES THE WEAPON, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA STUMBLES TO HIS FEET---

YAAAAAH

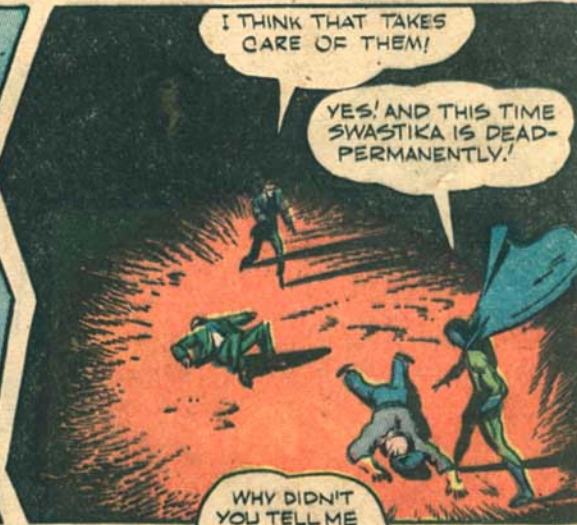


THEN BEFORE ICE-PICK CAN ESCAPE, A MEXICAN SOLDIER SIGHTS HIM TAKES AIM---



I THINK THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!

YES! AND THIS TIME SWASTIKA IS DEAD PERMANENTLY!



I'M GENERAL CARLOS SIERRA HEAD OF THIS DIVISION! IF YOU HADN'T HELD THOSE NAZIS AT BAY OUR CAUSE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED A VITAL BLOW, HANGMAN!



AND NEXT DAY...  
BOB DICKERING! I'M STILL ANGRY AT YOU! I CAME OUT HERE FOR A STORY ON LATIN AMERICAN RELATIONSHIP IN THIS WAR-- AND YOU CAME ALONG ON THE EXCUSE YOU WANTED A VACATION!



WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOUR SABOTAGE SUSPICIONS? WHY, YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME AT ALL, BOB DICKERING!

I'M JUST CATCHING SOME OF THAT VACATION I TOLD YOU ABOUT, THE. ZZZZZZ!



SWASTIKA KNEW THAT TOO, GENERAL. THAT'S WHY HE TOOK SUCH A DESPERATE CHANCE!

The END



# MURDER MAKES A PHONE CALL

## A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

**BOB** DICKERING had seen Sidney Benton looking like this before. He'd seen him this way during the thirty-odd times he'd attended a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Sidney Benton doing the Romeo. Benton looked just as he had looked during each of Romeo's death scenes.

But this wasn't acting.

Benton lay on the deep-red couch in his living room, the ornate French telephone he had been using still clutched in his slender, lifeless fingers.

Over his body hovered Mac Messner, looking like a worried, bespectacled scarecrow. Messner was the worst dressed, and the richest, actor's agent in Hollywood. Messner moaned, over and over, "My star client!"

The coroner diagnosed the death as having come from electrical burns, and Mac Messner and Bob Dickering were asked down to Police Headquarters.

It was murder, no doubt about that. Someone had rigged up Benton's phone so that when he lifted the instrument he'd received a fatal electrical shock.

Mac Messner testified that Benton had just come in from New York to make a picture for one of the Hollywood studios; that he, Messner, had personally ordered the telephone installed; that the telephone had been installed just that afternoon; and that, although the number was an unlisted one and could not be gotten through the Information operator, a dozen people had been in Benton's apartment that night and could have set up the death trap and noted the phone number. Dickering had been walking toward Benton's door and heard the phone ring and stop ringing as it was picked up . . . followed a split second later by Benton's strangled scream. Shortly afterwards, Messner had appeared.

All this Messner testified. And Bob Dickering, who had been Sidney Benton's childhood friend,

said nothing. He just waited. . . .

He waited until Messner and he were released. He told Messner that he was tired and wanted to get some sleep. And as soon as Messner entered a cab, he stepped into a darkened alley . . . and emerged as The Hangman!

It was simple, really simple. He entered Benton's room through a side window, made some quick and satisfactory examinations, and left as silently as he had come. He made some further investigations . . . and then he went to Mac Messner's home. . . .

Messner was alone. He sat in a comfortable Morris chair, a stubby pipe clamped between his thick lips. His eyes were closed.

He opened them when The Hangman called his name.

Then he saw the shadow of the noose on the wall and recoiled.

"You're guilty, Messner," The Hangman said.

Messner wet his lips. "I don't get you," he said heavily.

"You were the only one who could have killed him . . . because, as the one who ordered the phone installed, you alone knew the phone number!"

Messner began to sputter.

"Wait a minute," The Hangman said. "I want to tear apart a few possibilities even before you suggest them. Since the Information operator won't give out unlisted numbers, the only section of the telephone company from which the number could have been gotten was the business office . . . and that was closed for the night by the time Benton's phone was installed! Pretty illogical, isn't it, that a killer would first set a death trap and then break into a communications building to get the phone number which was needed to spring the death trap?"

"But . . ." Messner began.

"More possibilities," cut in The Hangman. "Benton himself couldn't have given out the phone number to his visitors at his welcome party earlier tonight—be-

cause he didn't know it! I've just questioned Bob Dickering, and he tells me he asked Benton for his phone number and Benton replied that he himself didn't know it."

Messner's voice finally broke through. "That's a lie!" he said. "Why didn't Benton look right on the phone to give his number to Dickering? Why, for that matter, couldn't any one of a dozen people find out the number by looking at the card on the phone stand which lists the number?"

The Hangman smiled grimly. "That's where you made your mistake," he said. "You're a business man and you get many calls each week from unexpected sources . . . and so you can't use an unlisted phone, and you've probably never had one. Listen, friend: An unlisted phone has no number on the base."

"All right," Messner said softly. "You've tabbed it right. My agency business hasn't been doing as well as people think—and I've been collecting a lot of big money from young kids with the promise that I'd get them into pictures. If this got out to the studios, I'd be through—but I've managed to keep the kids quiet . . . until Benton stumbled into my office just when I was collecting a couple of grand from a kid. He was going to tell the studios about me in the morning . . . so I stopped him. I should've waited until he made a call himself instead of phoning him tonight; I see that now—but I didn't want to take the chance that he wouldn't make any calls till morning."

Messner ended his speech with a maniacal laugh, and then he jumped . . . right into The Hangman's fist. The Hangman hit him once, hard, and he went down.

The jury declared Messner guilty of first degree murder.

That was the end of Mac Messner's career as an actor's agent. It was also, of course, the end of Mac Messner.



# Captain COMMANDO

## AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE COMMANDOS.... THOSE SUPER-SOLDIERS WHO WORK IN THE DARK AND DEAL CONSTANT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE NAZI FORCES.

NOW, FOR THE READERS WHO HAVEN'T FOLLOWED THE ADVENTURES OF **CAPTAIN COMMANDO & THE BOY SOLDIERS** IN THE PAST, WE REINTRODUCE ON THIS PAGE----

1. CAPTAIN 'COMMANDO' - AMERICAN-BORN LEADER EXTRAORDINARY OF THE BRITISH COMMANDOS.
2. BILLY GRAYSON - AMERICAN
3. GERALD SYKES - ENGLISH
4. ARMAND DE LATOUR - FREE FRENCH
5. ERIK JANSEN - NORWEGIAN

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND READ THE FIGHTING FINEST MOST STARTLING ADVENTURE----



OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY--- A GREAT CONVOY  
HEADING FOR MURMANSK MEETS DISASTER---



THE DEADLY-ACCURATE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES  
SPEAK THEIR SONG OF DEATH--- SHIP AFTER SHIP  
HEELS, SPINS--- THEN PLUNGES BENEATH THE  
OILY WAVES!



THE  
PITIFUL RE-  
MAINDER  
DESPERATE-  
LY SCATTER-  
--- FLEE FOR  
SAFETY---  
THE GREAT  
CONVOY  
SUFFERS  
A CRUSH-  
ING  
DEFEAT!



ON THE SINKING FLAGSHIP---  
AM SENDING SOS! SHE'S GO-  
COMMODORE! ING UNDER!  
SOS! SOS! COME IN, PLEASE! IN  
DISTRESS! SOS! SAVE YOUR-  
LATITUDE--- SELF!



---AND AT GENERAL  
HEADQUARTERS,  
ENGLAND---

HE STOPPED  
SENDING, SIR! BROKE  
OFF JUST AS HE WAS  
GIVING ME HIS  
POSITION! I'M  
AFRAID, SIR,  
THAT---

--THAT  
THEY'VE  
GONE DOWN--  
YES---I GUESS  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT---



THEN INTO THE  
ROOM BURSTS A  
FAMILIAR INSPI-  
RING FIGURE!  
CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO!

AT YOUR  
SERVICE,  
SIR!

FAST  
WORK!



ANOTHER CONVOY HAS  
JUST BEEN DESTROYED,  
CAPTAIN COMMANDO--- THOSE  
SHIPS WERE BOUND FOR THE  
RUSSIAN PORT OF MURMANSK  
WITH PRECIOUS SUPPLIES!  
THAT'S THE THIRD TIME  
THIS HAS HAPPENED---  
AND IT CAN'T GO ON  
ANY LONGER!

YOUR MISSION---TO  
DESTROY THE NAZI  
COASTAL BATTERIES CON-  
TROLLING THE NORTH-  
ERN SEA LANES! PLAN  
OF OPERATIONS AND  
SIZE OF TASK  
FORCE ENTIRELY  
UP TO YOU! HAPPY  
LANDINGS, AND  
MAY GOD PRO-  
TECT YOU!

VERY GOOD, SIR!  
WE LEAVE AT ONCE.  
THANK YOU,





MEANWHILE...IN THE SECRET UNDERGROUND  
COMMANDO BARRACKS---

H'I SAY H'IT'S ABOUT  
TIME WE HAVE A  
SCRAMBLE, EH  
CHAPPIES?

OLI!

YOU AN'T  
KIDDING! ACTION'S  
WHAT WE WANT,  
JERRY!

I HAVE  
NOT SEEN  
ERIK LATELY!  
YOU HAVE,  
BEELY, NON?

HEY, THAT'S  
RIGHT!  
ERIK'S  
NOT  
HERE---

'ALLO  
THERE'S A  
BLOOMIN'  
NOTE PINNED  
TO 'IS PIL-  
LOW!

Dear friends,  
I was so homesick--- I  
have gone back to see  
my parent--- do not be  
too angry via me. I  
could not help it. I  
had to see how long  
time from Norway for  
me an' no longer I  
could schlandt it. I'll  
meet soon nince again.  
Your friend,  
Erik Jensen

E'S GONE  
BACK!

HE WAS SICK TO SEE  
HIS PAPA AND MAMA---  
I UNDERSTAND, BUT I---  
HAVE NO MORE  
PAPA! HE  
IS DEAD--

OH, CUT  
IT OUT!  
COMMANDOS  
DON'T  
CRY!

GET HAWAY,  
BILLY! 'IS  
GOVERNOR WAS  
A REAL 'ERO  
NOT ONE OF THEM  
BLOOMIN' PLAYBOYS  
LIKE YOURS--- 'OW  
WOULD YOU KNOW 'OW  
'E FEELS?

TAKE THAT  
BACK OR---

H'IT'S THE  
BLOODY TRUTH  
AND YOU KNOW  
IT!

SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO  
ENTERS---

HEY, CUT OUT THIS  
FIGHTING! IF YOU CAN'T  
ACT LIKE MEN--- THEN GET  
OUT OF THE COMMANDOS!  
OUR WORK IS TOO DANGEROUS  
AND IMPORTANT FOR US TO  
BEHAVE LIKE BABIES! NOW  
PREPARE YOUR GEAR---  
WE LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES!

SORRY,  
JERRY!

H'IT'S QUITE  
ALL RIGHT,  
BILLY!

MAKE 'OW YOU  
SAY, BEELY---  
SNAPPEE?



--WHILE AT THAT MOMENT  
--AT A LITTLE FISHING VIL-  
LAGE ON THE NORWEGIAN  
COAST---  
PAST A DOZ-  
ING NAZI  
SENTRY---A  
BOY SILENTLY  
STEALS!



HE IS ERIK JANSEN, BOY SOLDIER! DOWN THE  
MAIN STREET, SOUNDLESSLY CAREFUL OF  
EVERY STEP, HE GOES, TOWARDS---



SO FAR I'VE BEEN LUCKY!  
OH HOW I WISH THE  
BOYS WERE HERE  
TO VINDICATE ME!

--THE HOME OF HIS PARENTS!



SSH! WHO  
COULD IT BE---  
SO LATE  
AT NIGHT?

OPEN! OPEN  
QUICK---I HAVE  
A STRANGE  
FEELING---

TAP-  
TAP-  
TAP-  
TAP!



MY BOY!  
SAFE---

ERIK!!  
MY SON!  
OH, THE  
LORD BE  
PRAISED!

MOTHER!  
FATHER! I  
HAD TO COME  
SEE YOU! I  
WAS SO ---



HOW IS EVERYTHING  
IN ENGLAND? ARE  
THEY GOING TO OPEN  
A SECOND FRONT  
SOON, ERIK?

I DON'T  
KNOW, FATHER!  
AND IF I DID  
I COULD  
NOT TELL!

YOU MUST  
BE STARVED  
AFTER THAT  
LONG TRIP,  
SON!



SUDDENLY!-- THE SLEEPY QUIET OUTSIDE  
IS BROKEN BY ANGRY SHOUTS!

FORWARD---  
MARCH!

DO YOU  
HEAR---WHAT  
IS IT?

ERIK--- THE  
GESTAPO! THEY  
HAVE DISCOVERED  
YOU ARE HERE!



LOOK FATHER! IT'S  
NOT ME THEY'RE AFTER!  
WH--WHERE ARE THEY  
MARCHING THOSE  
MEN?

HOSTAGES--FOR THE  
FIRING SQUAD, ERIK!  
THOSE BEASTS WILL NOT  
BE SATISFIED 'TIL THEY'VE  
WIPE OUT OUR ENTIRE  
TOWN!



THE HOSTAGES MAKE  
A SUDDEN BREAK BUT...

UGH!



SUDDENLY THE WATCHERS ARE STARTLED BY A FAMILIAR WHISTLE!

WH--OH!  
ERIK JANSEN!  
IT IS ERIK!

ERIK! HE HAS  
COME BACK FROM  
ENGLAND!

ERIK.  
MEET US  
AT THE  
CAVE---  
TONIGHT!

HE IS A  
COMMANDO  
YOU KNOW!

HE WILL KNOW  
WHAT TO DO  
ABOUT GETTING  
OUR PEOPLE  
FREE!

LET'S GO  
TO THE CAVE  
AND WAIT  
FOR HIM!



LATER, THAT NIGHT---  
ERIK JANSEN, COMMANDO-  
TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF  
STEALTH, TAKES TO THE  
WOODS---

AND WHEN ERIK  
SLIPS INTO THE  
CAVE---

WHAT  
IS THIS---

WE HAVE  
ALREADY ELECTED YOU  
OUR LEADER ERIK!

---AND ON NEARING THE OCEAN,  
STOPS--- THEN WHISTLES!

FEE-FEE!  
FEE-FEE!

ERIK!  
COME DOWN!  
WE ARE  
WAITING!

WE MUST FREE  
OUR PEOPLE OR  
THE NAZI BANDITS  
WILL KILL THEM!

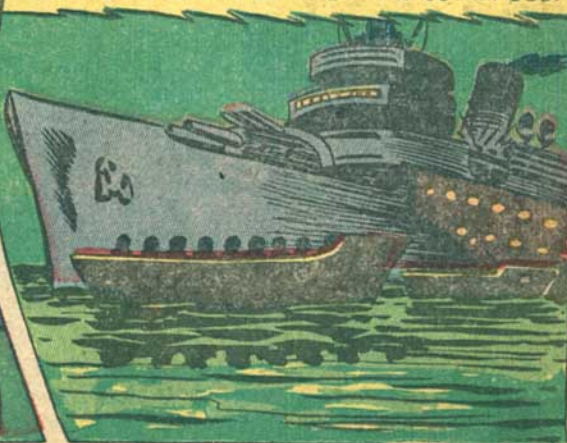
ERIK---WHAT  
SHALL WE DO?  
MY FATHER IS  
AND ONE OF THE  
MINE TOO!  
HOSTAGES

LET  
ME  
THINK!

MEANWHILE--- OUT ACROSS THE CHOPPY NORTH  
SEA ABOARD A SLEEK DESTROYER, LAST-MINUTE  
PLANS ARE GONE OVER!

CHECK YOUR GEAR! NO SLIP-UPS! WE'RE  
STRICTLY IN THE DARK ON THIS, YOU  
KNOW-- OUR SECRET  
AGENTS FAILED TO GET  
IN TOUCH WITH US!  
SPREAD OUT AND CIRCLE  
THE COASTAL BATTERIES---

A MINUTE LATER--- OVER THE SIDE AND INTO  
THE ARMORED INVASION BARGES GO THE TOUGH-  
EST FIGHTERS OF ALL TIME---THE COMMANDOS!





AS THE DIESEL MOTORS DRIVE THE BARGES TO THE DARK SHORE, WRAITH-LIKE, OUT OF THE EVENING MIST, A SMALL FISHING BOAT MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARS---

--- TO THE COMMANDOS' HORROR; WHILE IN THE STRANGE FISHING BOAT---  
--- FOR THIS IS A SECRET RAID! THEY MUST NOT BE DETECTED!



HEY, IF THAT'S THE NAZI COAST PATROL, WE'RE---

HERE I AM, SVEN! WHAT'D YOU SAY YOU SAW---OH!

FLAT BOATS, MANY OF 'EM, COM INK DERE, SEE? IT IS DER NAZIS VE ARE---

CLOSER AND CLOSER SPEED THE BARGES--- THE FISHING BOAT IS SURROUNDED ---



UP MEN! PREPARE TO BOARD HER!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO! IT'S ERIK, SIR! ME--ERIK JANSEN! DON'T SHOOT!

MON DIEU, ZO EET EES! ERIK JANSEN!

THE BARGES GO ALONGSIDE---AND---



ERIK! THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? WHO ARE THESE KIDS? YOU SIGHTED US, SIR--- TO JOIN UP WITH YOU AND THE BOYS!

DEY ARE ALL MY SCHOOL FRIENDS FROM HOME! VE WERE SAILING TO ENGLAND WHEN WE SIGHTED US, SIR--- TO JOIN UP WITH YOU AND THE BOYS!

ERIK GIVES CAPTAIN COMMANDO THE NEEDED INFORMATION CONCERNING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES, AND---

MY FRIENDS KNOW DER WHOLE COAST AROUND HERE LIKE A BOOK, CAPTAIN COMMANDO--- DEY VILL LEAD YOU DERE, RIDE NOW!

WHAT A BREAK! THAT'S FINE, ERIK--- YOU'RE FORGIVEN FOR GOING AW.O.L.!



READY! AIM---

WHILE IN THE TOWN SQUARE---



SUDDENLY THE SLEEPY TOWN'S QUIET IS BROKEN BY THE SHRILL STACCATO BARK OF DOZENS OF GUNS--- BRING IN THE DISTANCE FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!!

THE DRUMMING GUNFIRE GROWS LOUDER--- THE NAZIS MILL IN CONFUSION--- THE TOWN-PEOPLE GO MAD WITH JOY, FOR THIS IS---



VOT GIFFS? HIMMEL! GUNS! SHOOD!

TO YOUR STATIONS! AT VUNCE--- DOUBLE QUICK!



THE COMMANDOS!

THEY HAFF COME!



FOR THIS IS THE COMING OF *THE COMMANDOS!!*  
COMING WITH HATE IN THEIR HEARTS AND A SMILE ON  
THEIR BLACKENED LIPS, COMING OUT OF THE NIGHT  
WITH THE STEALTH OF A THOUSAND INDIANS AND  
THE FEROCITY OF FREEMEN WHO LAUGH AT DEATH!!!

FOR  
NORWAY!!

FOR  
KING  
HAARON

FOR  
LIBERTY!

FOR  
ENGLAND!

FOR  
FREEDOM!  
COME ON!

HIMMEL!  
DER  
COMMANDOS!  
AAGH!

HOLD DEM  
BACK FROM DER  
GUNS!  
TELEPHONE  
FOR REINFORCE-  
MENTS!!

NO YOU  
DONT!

HELLO!  
HELLO!  
GENERAL  
HEADQUARTERS!  
SEND--UGG!



TRY TO CALL YOUR  
NAZI IN OSLO, EH?

MEANWHILE ON ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BEACH--

WE'VE GOTTA  
KNOCK OUT THAT  
MACHINE GUN  
NEST!  
LOOK!

THOSE DEVILS!  
THEY'RE HOLDING  
UP OUR WHOLE  
ADVANCE!  
NON?

POW

RAT--TAT--  
TAT--

AS THE BOYS  
MAKE  
WARILY  
TO-  
WARD  
THE NAZI  
MACHINE GUN-  
NERS, A FIG-  
URE LOPES  
ACROSS THE  
CLEARING  
RIGHT IN  
THE DIRECTION  
OF SPUT-  
TERING DEATH--

IF THOSE HEINIES SEE  
THOSE KIDS, IT'LL BE  
CURTAIN FOR THEM, I'VE  
GOT TO KEEP THEIR  
ATTENTION DIS-  
TRACTED!

CIMON,  
FELLAS WE'LL  
JUMP THOSE  
MACHINE  
GUNNERS!

GOT 'EM, CAP!  
NICE, TEAM-WORK,  
LADS!

ONCE AGAIN  
ACROSS THE  
CLEARING  
TOWARD HIS  
OWN LINES--

I'VE GOT TO RALLY  
THE BOYS FOR A  
CHARGE! IT'S  
NOW OR NEVER!

BAM

BAM

WHEW! THOSE BULLETS  
ALMOST HAD MY  
NAME ON THEM---  
OUT OF YOUR  
FOX HOLES, BOYS,  
UP AND AT  
'EM!

GIVE  
IT TO 'EM  
MEN!

KAMERAD,  
VE SURRENDER!



SUDDENLY...  
ERIK!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

CAPTAIN! THE  
PEOPLE HAVE RE-  
CAPTURED THEIR  
TOWN---AND BLOWN  
UP THE NAZI  
AMMUNITION  
STOREHOUSE!

---WELL, WE'VE  
ACCOMPLISHED A GREAT  
DEAL MORE THAN WE  
INTENDED--THANKS  
TO THESE LIBERTY-  
LOVING PEOPLE!

OUR  
CONVOYS WILL  
GET THROUGH,  
NOW!

THEN THE TOWNSPEOPLE PAY A  
TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN COMMANDO---

HOORAY FOR THE  
LEADER OF THE  
COMMANDOS!

AND THEN EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD  
IN THE TOWN INSISTS ON SHAKING HANDS  
WITH THE MAN WHO SAVED THEIR LIVES---

FINALLY,  
CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO  
GIVES THE ORDER  
WHICH  
COMPLETES  
THE  
RAID---

BLOW THOSE  
GUNS UP! WE'RE  
NOT GOING TO  
GIVE THE  
GERMANS A  
CHANCE TO  
USE 'EM AGAIN!

AND AS THEY MOVE INTO THE DISTANCE---

GOODBYE! THANKS  
FOR ALL YOU'VE  
DONE!

OKAY, MEN!  
LET'S SHOVE  
OFF!

GEE, I---I SURE  
WISH WE WERE GOING  
BACK WITH THEM

NEVER MIND, OLAF! WE  
CAN DO PLENTY OF HARM  
TO THE NAZIS RIGHT  
HERE! OUR UNDERGROUND  
IS BECOMING  
STRONGER EACH  
DAY!

the END



# WORLD WONDERS



**T**HE ANOMNA ANTS IN AFRICA LINK THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS MAY CROSS THE STREAM...



**P**ARIS POLICE TRAIN DOGS TO DIVE INTO THE SEINE RIVER AND RESCUE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALLEN OR HAVE JUMPED IN.



**C**ERTAIN RODENTS OF THE LIBYA AND SAHARA DESERTS **NEVER DRINK** FROM THE TIME THEY ARE BORN UNTIL THEY DIE... THEY FEED MAINLY ON DRY SEEDS.



**T**HE GIANT REDWOOD TREE, NATIVE OF SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, GROWS AS HIGH AS 350 FEET AND HAS BARK AS THICK AS 12 INCHES... ITS LIFE IS SOMETIMES 3000 YEARS...



# DANNY

by  
"RED"  
HOLMDALE

## IN WONDERLAND

HI YA, DANNY!  
WON'T YA JOIN ME?  
I'M JUST HAVING A  
LITTLE SNACK  
BEFORE I GO TO  
BED.

BUT KUPPIE,  
PICKLES AND  
MILK! THEY'LL  
MAKE YA  
SICK.

GOSH, KUPPIE!  
WHAT'S THE  
MATTER?

OW-- MY  
STUMMICK!

OWW!  
MY  
STUMMICK!  
Y' JUST STAY THERE  
IN BED, KUPPIE.  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
BACK, I'M  
GONNA GET THE  
CASTOR OIL!

CASTOR  
OIL!

I'M GETTING  
OUTTA  
HERE!

ZIP







I WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE FAMOUS EAST INDIAN BASKET TRICK!



AFTER PLACING THE LID ON THE BASKET—I PROCEED TO VENTILATE IT WITH A NUMBER OF SWORDS!



APPARENTLY THE BOY IN THE BASKET HAS DISAPPEARED—EH?



OOOOOOO... WHY CAN'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...?



AND NOW TO CONCLUDE THE MIRACLE, I REMOVE THE SWORDS AND THE LID AND...



HERE HE IS, STILL IN ONE PIECE!



WELL, DO YA BELIEVE ME NOW!



WELL, I GUESS I'LL KNOCK OFF FOR TODAY—GOTTA PACK MY STUFF AND GET HOME.



GEE, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAGICIAN! KIN I HELP YOU, HUH?

YOU A MAGICIAN! HAW! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, HEY! BUT EASY WITH THOSE STRAPS.



OKAY, OKAY! GEE WHIZ, I SURE WISH YOU'D TEACH ME SOME O' YOUR TRICKS.

I AIN'T AS DUMB AS I LOOK—HONEST, I COULD BE A BIG HELP.



NO, I TELL YA! ABSOLUTE-  
LY, NO.



OBBOY, YA DIDN'T SAY POSITIVELY THEN, YA WILL TEACH ME, WON'T YA?

WOW, TALK ABOUT PESTS, HMM-- WELL, OKAY.



BUT REMEMBER YA TALKED ME INTO IT, I'M GIVING YOU AN APPRENTICE JOB. NOW WHERE'S THAT RECIPE? AH, HERE IT IS.

RECIPE?



YEAH--YOUR FIRST JOB'LL BE TO DISENCHANT THE KING OF GOOFLE LAND. THIS RECIPE'LL TELL YA HOW TO BREW THE MAGIC POTION, I WARN YA, DON'T SLIP UP.



I'M GOING UP TO TAKE A NAP NOW, SO I'LL LEAVE YA TO YOUR JOB. DO YA THINK YOU CAN MANAGE IT?



ALL I GOT T'DO IS FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS--HMM, FIRST I ADD A BARREL O' THIS STUFF AND TWO BARRELS OF THAT.



NOW FIVE HUNDRED AND ONE SHOVELS OF THIS. GOSH, THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A PROJECT.



NOW I STIR IT A LITTLE AND THEN--



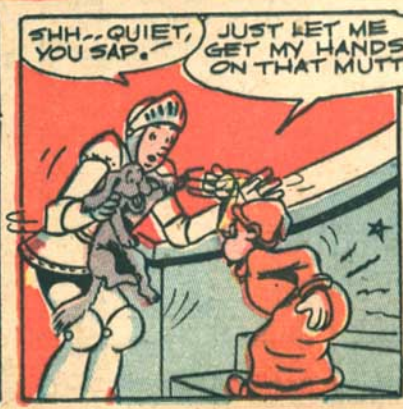
HMM--NOW A WHOLE BOTTL E OF SULPHURIC ACID. AH, THERE IT IS.



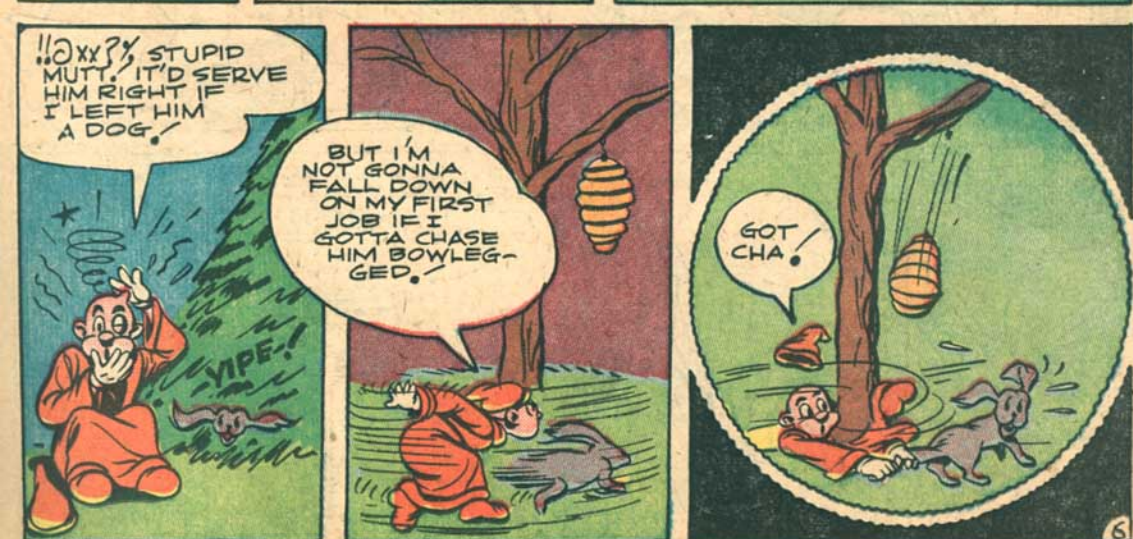
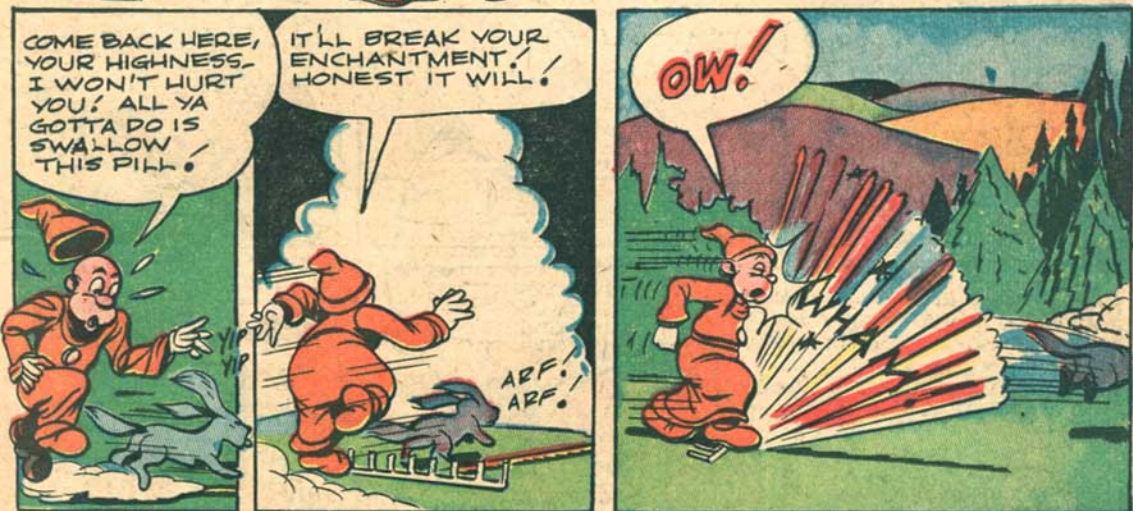
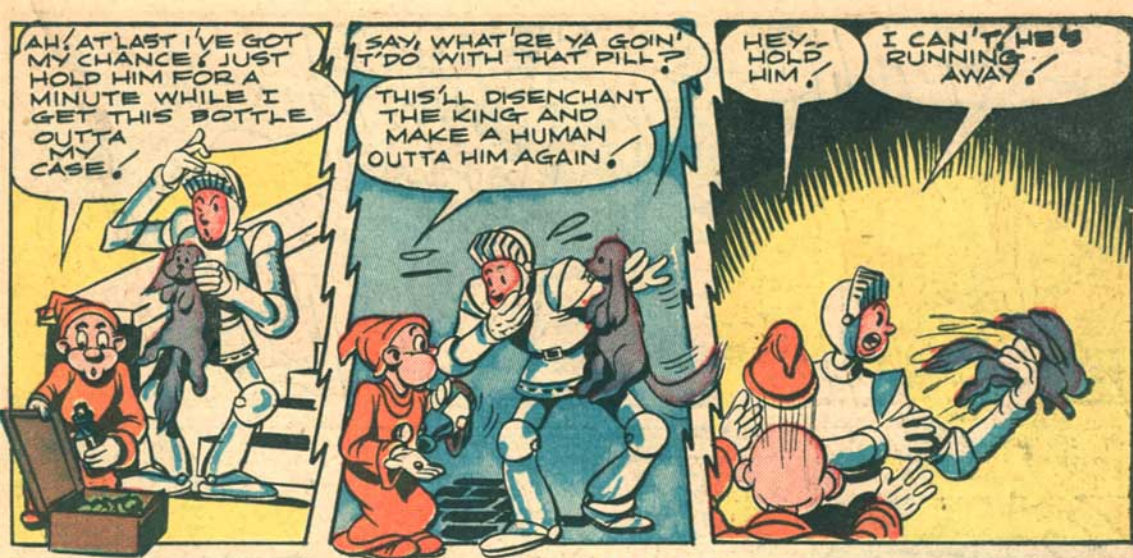
GOWLY I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN! WOW, IF DANNY COULD SEE ME NOW.



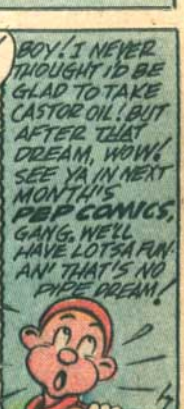










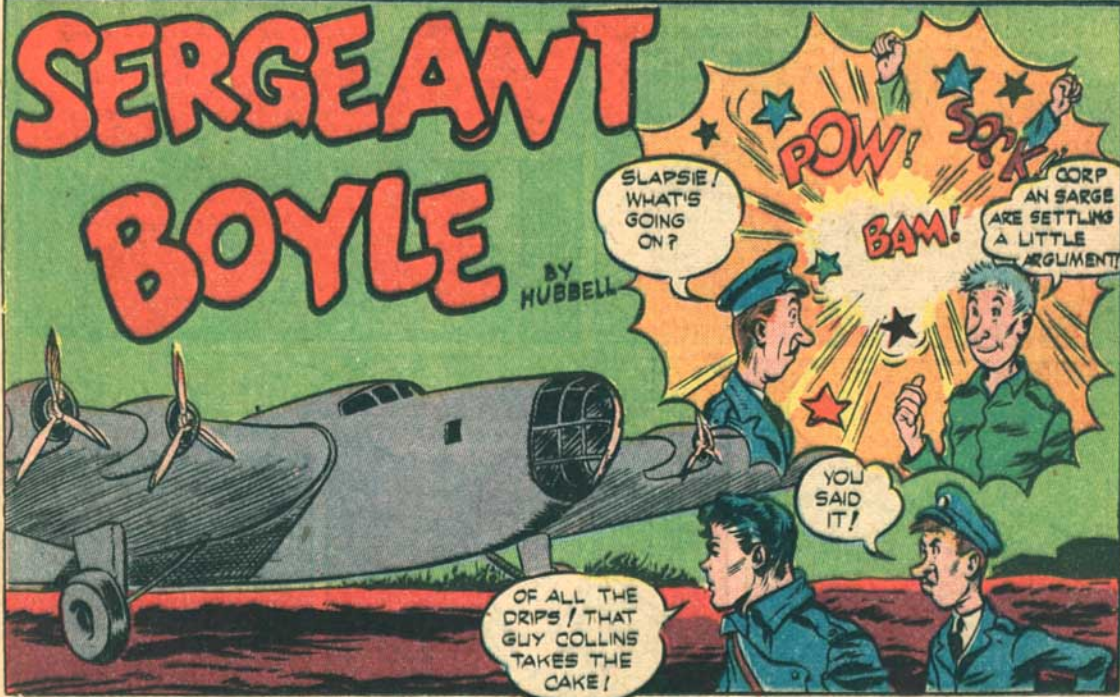


THE END



# SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL







THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BLOOD! MAYBE THEY MADE A MIS-TAKE!

THEY JUST TAKE THE RED CORPUSCLES OUT! IT'S O.K.!



MEANWHILE---

WELL, GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK MY BOY! BE VERY CAREFUL OF THIS NITROGLYCERINE!



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MAJOR! WE'LL WATCH IT LIKE A BABY!



C'MON CORP! OR THAT PLANE WILL GO WITHOUT US!



WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT! LOOK OUT FOR THAT NITRO!

BUMP BUMP



I THOUGHT MAYBE BOYLE HAD CHANGED IN THE LAST YEAR! BUT HE'S JUST AS DUMB AND PIG-HEADED AS EVER! WHAT A SAP!



HE'S GETTING MORE LIKE THAT LAMEBRAIN TWERP EVERYDAY!

SHE'S ON THE FIELD NOW, CORP! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



HEY! HOLD IT!



GRAB HOLD, SLAPSIE! YOU CAN DO IT!



NICE RUNNING, KID! DON'T LET GO!



SO LONG, COLLINS, YOU DOPE! IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON!

YIPPEE! NO MORE JINGLE, JANGLE JINGLE!"



I'D GIVE A MONTH'S PAY TO SEE THE LOOK ON BOYLES FACE WHEN HE LEARNS WE'RE GONE!

CAN I TAKE THAT BAG FOR YOU?



HANDS OFF! THIS IS VERY EXPLOSIVE NITROGLYCERINE WE'RE TAKIN' TO EGYPT!





BY AFTERNOON, THEY ARRIVE  
IN SWITZERLAND



WE'LL BE HERE TILL  
MORNING / WHERE'S  
A GOOD HOTEL?

THE  
ASAX ISS  
VERY  
GOOD!



I THOUGHT YOU'D  
NEVER WAKE UP!  
I WAS YELLING  
AT YOU FOR  
TEN MINUTES

HO-HUM!  
LET'S FIND  
A HOTEL,  
SARGE!



THE ELEVATOR ISS  
RIGHT OVER HERE!  
IF YOU WANT ANY-  
THING, JUST RING!

THANKS,  
PAL!



HEY! ANYBODY  
HERE? HOW  
ABOUT A  
ROOM?

COMING,  
SIR!

I'LL SIGN  
THE-----  
-----AH?

Corporal  
Collins



WE'LL-?

AHEM! DOING  
ANYTHING TONIGHT,  
TOOTS?

SO!



COME  
IGOR,  
WE ARE  
LATE!

ARRRGHH!  
CROOK! WIFE  
STEALER!  
IGNORENCIA!



YOU OUGHTA BE  
MORE CAREFUL  
TWERP! THAT'S  
PRINCE IGOR  
KREPLACH! THE  
SINGER! HE'S A  
FRACKSHOT  
TOO!

HOW SHOULD I  
KNOW SHE WAS  
MARRIED?

EEF I  
SEE YOU  
AGAIN, I WEEL  
CHALLENGE  
YOU TO A  
DROOL!



LEAVING US?  
B-B-BUT SURELY,  
PRINCE, AFTER  
ALL THESE  
Y-Y-YEARS---

BAH! WHEN  
KREPLACH ANGRY,  
HE EES LIKE  
VILD HONNIAL!  
ER-- YOU  
GOT A  
ODDER  
HOTEL?



YES YES YES!!  
OUR NEW  
HOTEL THE  
REGIS! VERY  
FINE PLACE!  
ALL NEW!!

GOOD!  
VE GO  
DERE!!



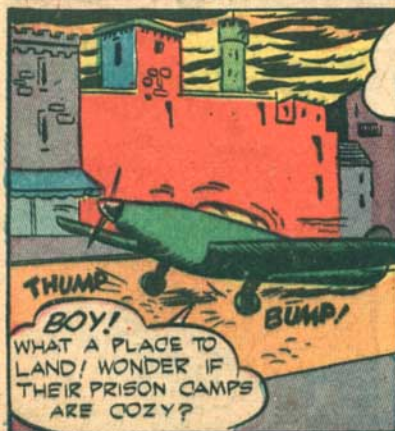
MEANWHILE COLLINS IS HAVING HIS TROUBLES--



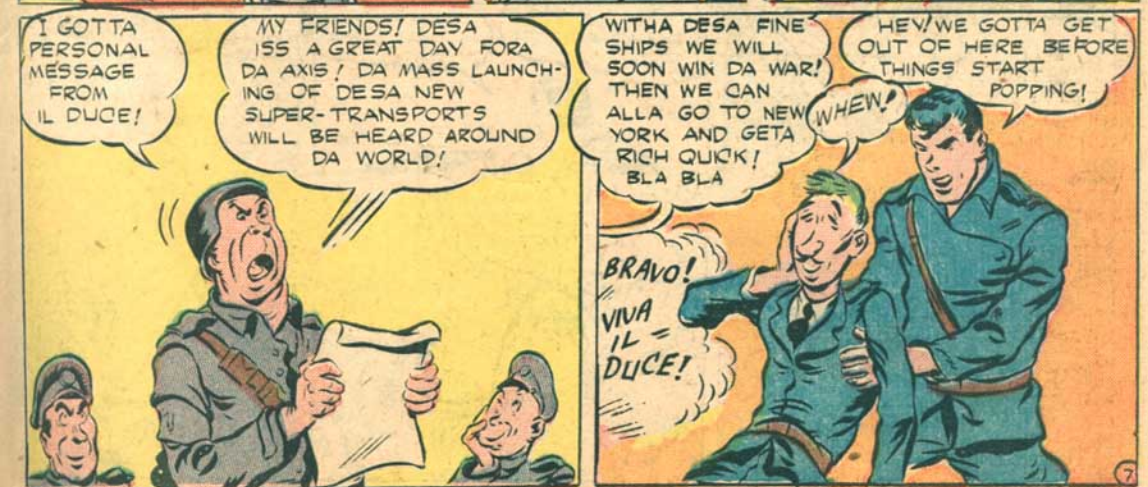
















"HOKAY/ LET'S  
GO! ONE...  
TWO...  
THREE!



**BOOM BOOM!**  
**BOOM!**

PASTA!  
FASOOL!  
WHATSA  
MATA?  
ATSA TOO  
MUCH!

WE'VE GOT TO GET  
TO THE AIRPORT BE-  
FORE THEY FIGURE  
IT OUT! RUN!



HERE COMES A  
GUARD! I THOUGHT  
EVERYBODY WAS  
DOWN AT THE  
DOCK!

EASY! MAYBE  
WE CAN  
BLUFF  
HIM!

**STOPA!  
WAITA  
UP!**



I HEARD WANA  
BIG NOISE!  
WATSA,  
MATA?

WELL,  
ER...



OH BABY!  
ONE OF  
OUR  
PLANES!

THAT ENGLISH  
PLANE! HE'S A  
DROP A BOMB ON  
OUR NEW BOATS!  
I'LL SHOOTA  
HEEM DOWN!

**CARAMBA!  
GO AHEAD!**



GIVA HEEM  
ONE FOR  
ME!



**?? ZABAGLIONE!**  
THAT WAS A  
ENGLISH  
UNIFORM?



LOOK! A TONY  
PLANE! --- SAY!  
WHAT IS HE  
DOING?



V, EH?  
WELL, THAT'S  
PRETTY GOOD  
RECOMMEND-  
ATION!

AFTER CONTINUING ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN TOGETHER, THE TWO PLANES  
FINALLY LAND IN EGYPT...  
THAT GUY HELPED  
US OUT OF A TOUGH  
SPOT!

I'LL GO OVER  
AND SAY THANKS!



SO IT'S YOU! WHAT'S  
THE BIG IDEA OF  
FOLLOWING  
US?

FOLLOWING YOU?  
WHY YOU IDIOTS  
DELIGHT/ COME  
DOWN OUTTA  
THERE AN I'LL  
SLAP YOUR  
EARS BACK!

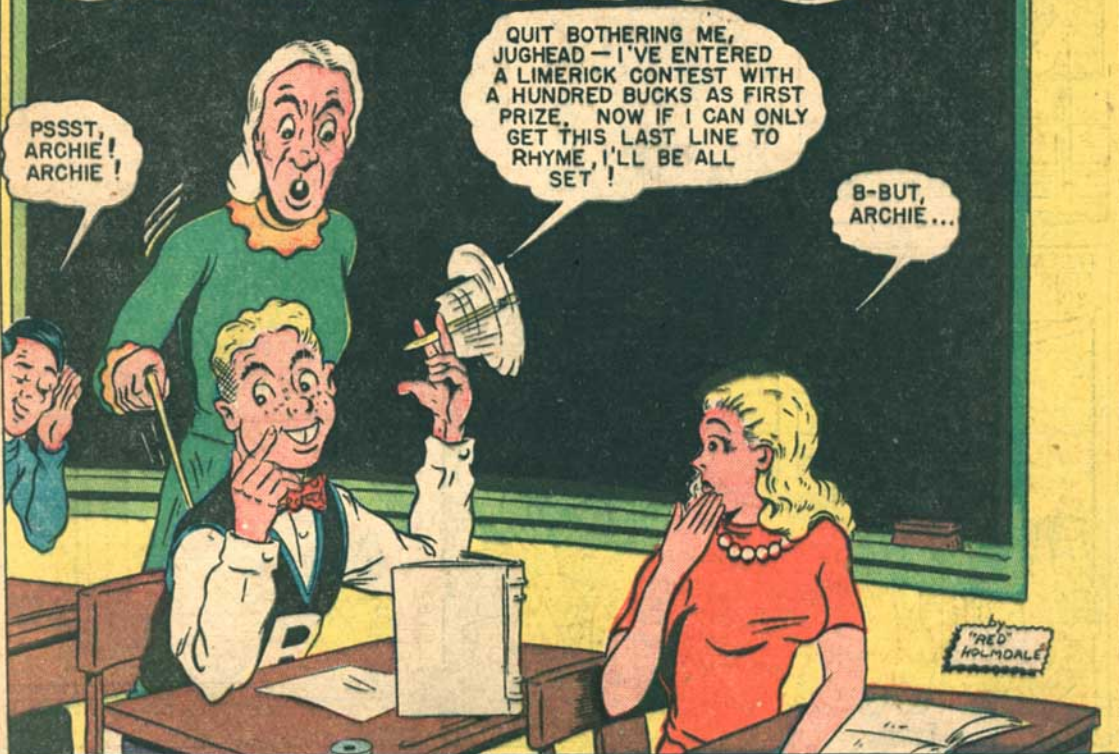
**THANKS!** FOR ALL THE  
SWELL LETTERS YOU  
SENT ME! IT WAS PRETTY  
TOUGH PICKING THE  
BEST ONES, BUT WE  
FINALLY DECIDED THE  
PICTURES OF TWERP AND  
MYSELF BE SENT TO  
1. PAUL HILF OF PITTSBURGH,  
PA. AND

2. JANET  
HALSTEN, OF  
MELBOURNE,  
FLORIDA.





# Archie



(GULP) HELLO, MISS GRUNDY, I-I-ER-YOU SEE I'M JUST—! HMMMPH! NO EXCUSES, ARCHIE ANDREWS. I'LL SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL!



**LATER**

JEEPERS, NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME—BUT WAIT'LL I WIN THAT HUNDRED BUCKS FROM THIS LIMERICK CONTEST! THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT THEN—I BET!



HEY, SHAKESPEARE, HOW'S RIVERDALE'S GREAT POET? HUH—OH, IT'S YOU, JUGHEAD!





YOU CAN LAUGH IF YA WANT TO—BUT JUST WAIT'LL I WIN THIS LIMERICK CONTEST! I'M MAILING MY ENTRY NOW—



HAW-HAW-THAT GUY ARCHIE SURE HAS SOME SCREWY IDEAS. HMM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA ON HOW I CAN PLAY A SWELL GAG ON HIM. I'LL JUST GO DOWN TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE!



ARCHIE, THE DOORBELL'S RINGING!

I'LL GET IT, MOM!



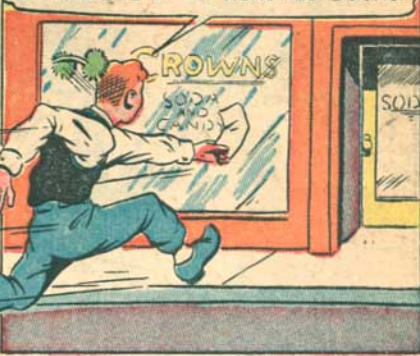
TELEGRAM FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS! SIGN HERE!

JUST A MINUTE! I'LL CALL HI—SAY! THAT'S ME! Q-QUICK, THAT MAY.....

YIPPEE—I WON! I WON! ZOWIE! I'M RICH! A HUNDRED BUCKS!



BOY! WAIT'LL I TELL THE GANG! I'LL BET THEY'LL BE SURPRISED! JUST THINK OF ALL THE THINGS I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY—I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO RETIRE AND GET SOME KID TO ATTEND MY CLASSES FOR ME! GEE, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT—A HUNDRED BUCKS!



—TELEGRAM—  
MR. ARCHIE ANDREWS  
RIVERDALE:  
THIS IS TO NOTIFY YOU THAT  
YOU HAVE WON FIRST PRIZE IN  
OUR LIMERICK CONTEST—YOUR  
\$ 100.00 CHECK WILL ARRIVE  
SHORTLY—  
SWEETIE CANDY  
INC

O.K. FELLERS—STEP UP TO THE FOUNTAIN—THE TREATS ON ME!

HUH?



WOW! SAY THAT AGAIN!

HEY, ARCHIE! WHAT'RE YA GOIN' TO USE FOR MONEY? YOU KNOW HOW YOUR CREDIT STANDS!

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT TO USE FOR MONEY? THIS TELEGRAM, ICKY!



WELL? DO YOU WANT ME TO BRING MY BUSINESS TO SOME OTHER ICE CREAM EMPORIUM?

WOW! A HUNDRED BERRIES! THE HOUSE IS YOURS, ARCHIE!





YOU SURE ARE A SPORT, ARCHIE!

BOY, HE FELL FOR THE GAG HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!



AW, FORGET IT, AN' HAVE ANOTHER ROUND, BOYS!

I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT I JUST CAN'T!

WOW! DO I FEEL SICK! IN A PLEASANT SORTA WAY THOUGH!

ME, TOO!

I'LL SEE YA LATER, FELLOWS I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JUGHEAD? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A RACCOON COAT—AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE MONEY...

JEEPERS, THIS IS GETTING OUTTA HAND—I'D BETTER TELL ARCHIE IT'S ALL A GAG!



YI, H! IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE, SEE—H! IT'S NICE UND SNUG, NO?



HEY, ARCHIE, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOTTA TELL YA!

BUT, ARCHIE!



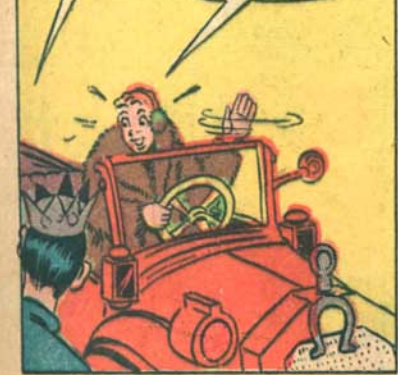
SHH—TELL ME LATER, JUGHEAD—HOW DO YA LIKE THIS COAT—PRETTY SNAZZY, EH? O.K., UNCLE, I'LL TAKE IT!

IT'S PREKTICAL A STEAL AT \$42.97—IN CASH, OF CUSS!



B-BUT ARCHIE, I'VE GOTTA TELL YA SOMETHING!

NOT NOW, JUGHEAD! I'VE GOTTA BE OFF AND SEE IF I CAN FIND BETTY AN' TELL HER THE BIG NEWS!



HI, BETTY! WAIT UP! BOY, HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

HUH—OH HELLO, ARCHIE!



OH, ARCHIE! I THINK IT'S SIMPLY GRAND, YOU WINNING THE LIMERICK CONTEST! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D BE A SUCCESS!

SO DID I, BUT I WASN'T SURE JUST WHEN!













AND AS IF ARCHIE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE:

HOW ABOUT PAYING FOR THAT HORSE YA BOUGHT?

NEVER MIND THE HORSE - JUST SETTLE FOR THAT RACCOON COAT!

GEE - YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, ARCHIE!



WE WANT OUR MONEY!

I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!

JEEZ, HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!

MUST BE SOME KIND OF A CONVENTION GOING ON HERE - HEY! SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS!

THAT'S ME!



YIPPEE!! I WON! I'VE REALLY WON THE CONTEST!

HURRY, LET'S SEE THE CHECK!

THERE'S NO CHECK HERE, THE PRIZE IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR WAR BOND!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, I'M TAKING MY COAT BACK!

ME, TOO! WAIT'LL I GET MY HORSE!

HEY, HOW ABOUT ME? HOW'M I GONNA GET MY SODAS BACK?

WHAT'RE YA LOOKING AT ME FOR? SEE ARCHIE!



NOW THAT YOUR DEBTS ARE SETTLED WITH THOSE OTHER GUYS - YOU CAN COME WITH ME AND SQUARE OFF THAT SODA BILL!

B-BUT, I DON'T SEE HOW, DO YOU?



HOW CAN YA DRINK THAT STUFF, JUGHEAD? WHEN I GET FINISHED WORKING MY BILL OFF - I HOPE I NEVER SEE ICE CREAM AGAIN!



HEY, GANG! HAVE YA HEARD OF THE SPECIAL TREAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE FOR YOU SOON? IT'S A BRAND NEW COMIC MAGAZINE, AND IT'S NAMED AFTER ME! SO WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWS DEALERS! THANKS, PALS!



the END



# BENTLEY

OF  
SCOTLAND YARD

A  
BODY!

GOOD  
HEAVENS!  
IT--- IT'S  
LORD  
GANNETT!

THERE WERE FOUR THINGS----A  
DEATH BY LIGHTNING, A STEAM  
SHOVEL, AN UNREPORTED FLIGHT  
PLAN, AND A PIECE OF WIRE----  
FOUR THINGS WHICH DIDNT ADD  
UP.

BUT BENTLEY ADDED THEM UP  
---AND BY CAREFUL CONSIDER-  
ATION OF THESE FOUR THINGS  
MANAGED TO FIND THE SOLU-  
TION TO THE MOST INTRICATE  
CASE OF HIS CAREER.

THE CLUES ARE RIGHT BEFORE  
YOU. TEST YOUR ABILITIES AS  
A DETECTIVE.

ARE YOU AS GOOD AS  
BENTLEY?

PAUL COWMAN



FLASH! EARLY THIS MORNING LORD GANNETT WAS FOUND DEAD NEAR HIS HOME... STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! LORD GANNETT HAD APPARENTLY PARACHUTED FROM A PLANE...



AND IN HIS OFFICE, BENTLEY SCANS THE SAME NEWSPAPER...

**London Times**  
LORD GANNETT FOUND DEAD ON HUGE STEAM SHOVEL AT GREENWICH

WHICH THE BODY OF SIR LORD GANNETT WAS DISCOVERED EARLY THIS MORNING ON A STEAM SHOVEL WHICH HAD BEEN USED TO REMOVE BOMB DEBRIS FROM A PLANE...

WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS PRINT THE STORY, ALL ENGLAND IS AGHAST...

LORD GANNETT! WHAT A PITY!

HOW TERRIBLE!



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS! I'VE GOT THE LIST OF ALL FLIGHT PLANS IN LONDON... AND NO PLANE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER GREENWICH!

BUT THEN HOW COULD HE HAVE PARACHUTED ONTO THE STEAM SHOVEL?... I THINK I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE STEAM SHOVEL, NOW!



SUDDENLY, WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF LONDON STORMS, LIGHTNING STRIKES THE SKY...

HMM! THE WEATHER'S ACTING UP!



WELL, I CAN'T BE WORRYING ABOUT THAT! LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING ON THE STEAM SHOVEL!

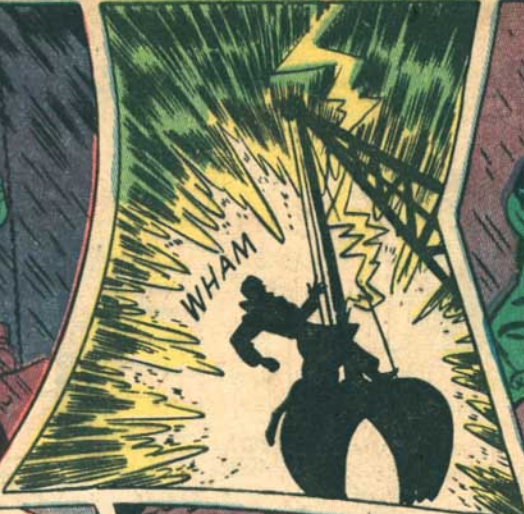




GLORY! A WIRE!  
I WONDER WHAT  
IT'S DOING UP HERE?  
LET'S SEE NOW...



WHAM



THINKING  
SWIFTLY, BENT-  
LEY LEAPS FROM  
THE CRANE...



WHEW!

IF I HADN'T JUMPED IN TIME,  
THAT LIGHTNING WOULD HAVE  
FINISHED ME!--- HEY, HOLD ON A  
MINUTE! I COULD HAVE SWORN  
I SAW A LIGHT BLINKING FROM  
THAT HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD,  
JUST AS THE LIGHTNING STRUCK!  
FUNNY, MAYBE I'D BETTER  
GO OVER THERE....



WHAT--- BY JOVE!  
THIS IS LORD  
GANNETT'S  
HOUSE!



I'M BENTLEY  
OF SCOTLAND  
YARD!



I'M INVESTIGATING THE DEATH  
OF LORD GANNETT! WILL YOU  
ASK ALL THE MEMBERS OF  
HOUSEHOLD TO ASSEMBLE?

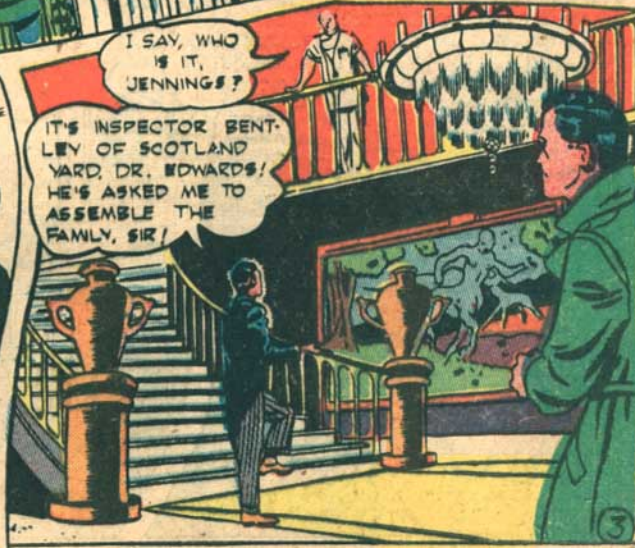


AT ONCE,  
SIR!



I SAY, WHO  
IS IT,  
JENNINGS?

IT'S INSPECTOR BENT-  
LEY OF SCOTLAND  
YARD, DR. EDWARDS!  
HE'S ASKED ME TO  
ASSEMBLE THE  
FAMILY, SIR!







I'M  
JENNINGS,  
SIR!

I'M DR. EDWARDS,  
LORD GANNETT WAS  
MY NEPHEW!

I'M THE DUCHESS  
OF BEDFORD,  
INSPECTOR!

I'M THE DUKE OF BED-  
FORD, LORD GANNETT'S  
COUSIN! I PRESUME  
YOUR VISIT IS IN RE-  
FERENCE TO LORD  
GANNETT'S UNFOR-  
TUNATE ACCIDENT?

I'M SORRY, DUKE!  
I SUSPECT THAT  
IT WASN'T AN AC-  
CIDENT! IT WAS  
MURDER!

WHY, YOU  
LYING FOOL,  
I'LL

WE'VE  
GOT TO WORK TO-  
GETHER AND SOLVE THIS  
CASE--NOT FIGHT ABOUT  
IT!

ALL RIGHT,  
BENTLEY--BUT  
HIS ACCUSATION IS  
ABSOLUTELY UN-  
TRUE!

MURDER, EH?  
THEN YOU HAD A  
HAND IN IT, BEDFORD!  
YOU WERE ALWAYS  
ANXIOUS TO GET  
YOUR HANDS ON  
THE LORD'S  
FORTUNE!

WHAT!

GENTLEMEN!  
GENTLEMEN!



I'M SORRY, BENTLEY,  
MAYBE I DID GO OFF ON  
A LIMB...BUT I'M SO  
BROKEN UP BY MY  
NEPHEW'S DEATH THAT  
I--I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT I'M SAYING!

I  
UNDERSTAND  
PERFECTLY,  
DOCTOR!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND  
PERFECTLY! THIS IS  
ONE INSULT TOO  
MUCH! COME,  
MARIA!

HENRY! HENRY!  
YOU SHOULDN'T ACT  
THIS WAY! GEORGE DIDN'T  
MEAN WHAT HE SAID!





DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, INSPECTOR! HE'S HAD THESE TANTRUMS BEFORE!

I'M AFRAID I MUST, DOCTOR...

I'VE GOT TO GO UPSTAIRS AND ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS!

AND WHILE I'M UPSTAIRS, I THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR THAT BLINKING EIGHT I SAW!

THERE'S THE WINDOW FACING THE STEAM SHOVEL! THE LIGHT PROBABLY CAME FROM THERE!

AND THIS DOOR IS RIGHT IN BACK OF THE WINDOW!

I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!

WHAT DOES BENTLEY SEE IN THE ROOM? DO YOU KNOW?

WAS LORD GANNETT MURDERED? AND IF SO ---- WHO IS THE KILLER? IS IT DOCTOR EDWARDS?

JENNINGS THE BUTLER?

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD?

OR THE DUKE OF BEDFORD?

READ ON AND SEE -----





WHAT A WEIRD  
LOOKING  
MACHINE!

THIS IS THE MACHINE USED TO  
MURDER GANNETT! THE KILLER  
PROBABLY KNOCKED GANNETT OUT  
PUT HIM ON THE STEAM SHOVEL,  
AND THEN ELECTROCUTED HIM  
WITH THIS MACHINE  
SO THAT IT  
WOULD APPEAR  
TO BE ACCIDENT-  
AL DEATH BY  
LIGHTNING!



HELLO!  
WHAT'S  
THIS?



NOT SO FAST...  
DR. EDWARDS!



HELP! I'M  
FALLING AGAINST  
THE MACHINE!



WAAAAAAAAAH



THERE'S YOUR MURDERER! I  
SUSPECTED SOME ELECTRICAL  
DEVICE HAD BEEN USED WHEN I  
SAW A WIRE ON THE STEAM  
SHOVEL! AND WHEN I  
WAS ALMOST KILLED  
BY 'LIGHTNING' AND SAW  
A LIGHT BLINKING HERE,  
I DECIDED TO INVESTI-  
GATE!



EDWARDS INVENTED A NEW  
WAR WEAPON--AND HE WORK-  
ED SO HARD AT IT THAT IT AF-  
FECTED HIS BRAIN. WHEN THE  
MACHINE WAS COMPLETED  
AND READY TO TEST, HE  
DIDN'T CARE WHO HE  
USED AS A GUINEA PIG. SO  
HE SELECTED HIS NEPHEW!  
... BUT EDWARDS HAS  
PAID FOR HIS CRIME! HE  
DIED MOST FITTINGLY--  
BY HIS OWN MURDER  
WEAPON!

the END



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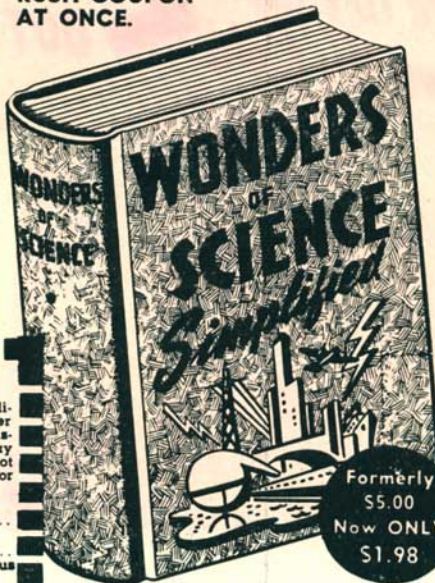
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